

The History of

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauoury smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest swete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wisely, in the streete too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile bee damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Jacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, Ile make one; and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell mee.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from playing, to Purse-taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poyney.

*Poy.* Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poy.* Good morrow swete *Hall*. What sayes *Mounseur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Saske* and *Sugar*, *Jacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prince.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer a breaker of Proverbs: he will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poy.*

Henry the Fourth.

*Poyney.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping the Diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had beene damn'd for coozening.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morrow clocke early at *Gads Hill*, there are pilgrimes going with rich offerings, and Traders riding to London for their purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue but selues: *Gads-Hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I haue per to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; wee may dleepe; if you will goe, I will stuff your purses full; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fals.* Heare yee, Yedward, if I tarry at home, hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will, chops?

*Fals.* *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, man-hood, nor good in thee; nor thou camst not of the blood royall, nor stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well, then once in my daies Ile bee a theefe.

*Fals.* Why; thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry a while.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art a King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir *John*, I prethee leaue the Prince and lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture,

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion: cares of profiting, that what thou speakest may be heares may be beleued, that the Prince, may (like) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of countenance; farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Pri.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell *Altham*.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride on.

I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot.

*Fals.* *Harney*, *Rossell*, and *Gads-Hill*, shall rob.

we haue already way laid; your selfe and I will.

and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe.

cut this head from my shoulders.

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